

STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

BY WILLIAM M. TOLBERT & Co.]

"STATE RIGHTS AND STATE REMEDIES—THE SAFETY OF THE UNION."

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STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION.

TERMS.—The STATE RIGHTS AND DEMOCRATIC UNION will be furnished to subscribers at \$5.00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines, or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required must be noted on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the CASH, or good reference in own hand. Announcing candidates for office will be \$10.00. State or County Officers, in advance.

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To the Public.

The rights of editors and publishers of papers have been too long neglected. Justice will never be done unless themselves assert their rights and enforce the most rigid rules, which in the end will be found salutary to the public and beneficial to those engaged in the press. Publishers of papers have been so long imposed upon the community at large, that they are considered to some extent a privileged class of beings, when in fact there is no nation in the world so honorable, deserving of so high consideration, productive of so much good, a class that exerts so powerful an influence. It is known to be proverbial for the debtors to newspaper publishers to consider their demand, as the least to be paid—debts to which they are attached on moral obligation, and which they refuse to pay with justice and honor. Hence, it is found that the contractors of the press to assert their own rights, and redress, several and joint, to bring all persons under newspaper contracts, under some obligation, that attach to other contracts, or always remain in poverty and want, with thousands due them from the most solvent men in the country.

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7. Election tickets will not be printed without order, nor delivered to any person without payment.
The above rules, we, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to abide by.

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Publisher of the State Rights and Democratic Union.
June 1839.

POETRY.

From the Saturday Chronicle.

OLDEN DAYS.
"I heard thy fate without a tear"
Thy loss with sorrow sigh,
And yet thou wert surpassing dear,
Too loved of all to die.
I know not what hath soiled mine eye,
The tears refuse to start,
But every drop is thine dear,
Fall dearly on my heart."

Byron.

Still I feel the warm and lovely bill
Where I, in other days, have stood with thee;
While all around me yew and holly
And the wind flows through the greenwood tree.
I see the wild bird on its joyous wing,
Float round us like the little birds we wild
With music fill the still green leaves dotting
As sung in olden days, the greenwood child.

There are some silent griefs that break the heart,
Y' bring not to the eye the blinding tear—
Around us as the vernal hours depart,
To do the long-loved friends of early years.
The azure blue flower blossoms—early here
As did it bloom in the olden days.
The sky is blue as ever, and so clear,
The air as golden in the sun's warm rays.

The wild bee sounds his tiny trumpet round,
And leads through air his golden swarms away.
Where drowsy murmurs from the green earth
Sound,
To honey banquet in the flow'ry gay—
So have we watched them through the languid hours
Upon the lonely hill so green and high,
Or in the fields' mid shadowy grass and flowers,
Beneath the sunlight of the vernal sky.

Now while the young are gathered in their glads,

And joy is on their lips and in their eyes,
I come alone to sigh and muse with thee,
Though till thy lips and closed thine eyes are
Dead.

Fair form—but of thy beauty seem to tell—
Young brow and gentle eyes—beak of thee,
And voice—sweet and music's softest swell,
But faded of the golden days to me.

Now thought of thee and other days I dream,
The glow of passion from my cheek has fled—
Now I can feel no more the wild flowers' em—
The flood of life long in my heart is dead.
Though on the lone and sunny hill I rove,
Wee off I find we me, I muse alone;
Thou whom I was a luxury to love,
Thou—thou forever from my side art gone.

LANCASHIRE, Sept. 21.

From the Memoirs of Hannah More.

As you love to see all my converse, I relate a few lines I wrote to Mrs. B. because the other day I had a little bottle of otto of roses.
Two gross are my senses, too vulgar my nose is,
For perfume of jasmine or essence of rose;
To you I more suited, whose organ I find,
Partake the refinement that grows your mind.

Had the phial, dear madam, I now send to you,
Beneath the label which the Diable Boiteux,
Thou hadst written on in more words than I find,
Nor sell the scholar to five him again.

When laid on your toilet, and kept in your sight,
How much it would give the face of the spirit,
Not a soul but would wish of his friend to be tried,
And each hand would be crumpling himself in a phial.

And why not in this? for does chemistry, 'tis said,
Can draw forth a tint from feathers' head—
Now, from better feathers' head, and how do we know,
But this essence of roses is a quified head?

From the Same.

ON SUNDAY ED OF THE BOWER,
BY ROSSIE.—DAVID GARRICK.

I.
Far from the reach of immortal grief,
Well, stand on art thou fast;
Now I put thee, lord, now gain belief,
Thou' rising from the dead.

II.
Thy wit a female champion braves,
And thus she cuts her way;
She comes—and in her hand she waves
Sir Edward of the Bower.

III.
The victor's palm aloft she bears,
And sullen foe submit;
The laurel crown from man she tears,
And runs each lovely wit.

IV.
A female work if this should prove,
Cries out the beaten foe;
'Tis a piece from the head of Jove,
Complete from top to toe.

V.
With feeling, elegance and force
Unite thy firm less power;
And rose that from a heavenly source
Springs Edred of the Bower.

VI.
True—cries the god of verse, 'tis mine,
A droll the force is o'er;
To vex poor man I write each line,
And gave them Iannah More.

TO A BANK NOTE.

I will not take thee, ragged old,
To payment for my debt;
Your silver's revealed itself,
You've robbed myself and neighbor.

Your very face is all a lie,
You promise but a bubble;
You raise the price on all I buy,
And change mankind in trouble.

And when we ask you for the cash—
How well the matter goes;
We find your bank 'tis broke to smash,
Or hang you, you're suspended!

For he is the farmer grows his corn—
The laborer gives his earnings;
The student, like a dove, is pure
In spite of all his longings.

EXTRAORDINARY TRIAL AT PARIS.

A suit between M. de Pontalba and his wife, lately pending in one of the French courts, is thus sketched in the Moniteur—
"M. de Pontalba is one of the greatest proprietors of France. His son has been a page of Napoleon, and afterwards a distinguished officer, aid-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and a protégé of the Duke of Echingen. He married the daughter of Madame Almonaster, and for some time they lived happily; but on the death of her mother, Madame de Pontalba began to indulge in such extravagance, that even the enormous fortune of the Pontalba was unequal to it.

This led to some remonstrance on the part of the husband, on the morning after this she disappeared from the hotel, and neither he nor her children had any clue of her retreat. At last, after an interval of some months, arrives a letter from New Orleans, in which she announces that she means to apply for a divorce; but to eighteen months nothing more was heard of her except by her drafts for money. At last she returned, but only to afflict her family. Her son was at the military academy at St. Cyr—she induced him to elope, and the boy was plunged in every species of debauchery and expence.

This afflicted in the deepest manner the grandfather, who revoked the bequest which he had made him of about £4000 a year, and seemed to apprehend for him nothing but future ruin and disgrace. The old man, eighty-two years of age, resided in his chateau at Mont Leveque, whither in October 1834 Madame de Pontalba went to attempt a reconciliation with the wealthy senior. Then and there occurred the most extraordinary and accountable scene that though we have read one hundred French novels, we have ever met with.

On the 19th of October, the day after Madame de Pontalba's arrival, she found

she could make no impression on her father-in-law, and was about to return to Paris, when old M. de Pontalba, at the age of eighty-two, observing a moment when she was alone in her apartment, entered it with a brace of double barreled pistols, locks the door, and approaching his astonished daughter-in-law, desires her to recommend herself to God, for that she had but a few minutes to live; but does not even allow her one minute—he fires immediately, and two balls enter her left breast.—She starts up and flies, her blood streaming about, to a closet, exclaiming that she will submit to any terms, if he will spare her. "No, no—you must die!" And he fires his second pistol.

She had instinctively covered her heart with her hand—that hand is miserably fractured by the balls—but says d her heart. She escapes to another closet, where a third shot is fired without effect—and at last she rushes in despair to the door—and while M. de Pontalba is discharging his last barrel at her, she succeeds in opening it. The family, alarmed by the firing, arrive, and she is saved.—The old man, on seeing that she is beyond his reach, returns to his apartments and blows out his brains.

It seems clear that he had resolved to make a sacrifice of the short remnant of his own life, in order to release his son and his grandson from their unfortunate connexion with Madame de Pontalba. But he failed—none of her wounds were mortal; and within a month after, Madame de Pontalba, perfectly recovered, in high health and spirits, radiant and crowned with flowers, was to be seen at all the fetes and concerts of the capital.

In the meantime a suit for restitution of conjugal rights was pending between her and her husband; and towards the end of last October, a final decree of the Court enjoined that Madame de Pontalba should return under marital authority, and should reside in such of her husband's houses as he should appoint—excepting only—with admirable delicacy—the Chateau de Mont Leveque, where the bloody scene had been acted.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CANADA.

The most loyal of the Canadian papers continue to abuse the New Governor, Mr. Thomson. They seem to fear his coming, and are doing all in their power to prejudice the public mind against him, even before his plans of operation are known. The appointment is but little more satisfactory to the Reformers, and McKenzie in his last Gazette, sends out the following chapter embodying his opinion of the man appointed, the Government appointing, and the colony over which Mr. Thomson is to preside. The communication between Gov. Thomson and General McKenzie is amusing.—N. Y. Express.

The appointment of Mr. Charles Poulsen Thomson (probably with a perage) to the elevated situation successively held by Kempton, Aylmer, Gosford, Durham and Colborne, indicates a peculiarly critical state of affairs in Canada. Some persons think the appointment a liberal one, and the tory presses already denounce it as a proof of ministerial enmity to Canadian interests. When it is considered that E. gland is overwhelmed with debt, scarce of cash, embarrassed with charity on one side and the precursors on another, burdened with a care of regulating Turkey and preserving India in the east, and deeply engaged in colonizing New South Wales, it might be surmised that she would be compelled to rid herself of the Oregon and North East Boundary Question, the Canada timber bounty, and the expensive and unpromising job of Canadian government by abandoning the colonies; but we do not think that as yet she has any such intention. It may be said that because Mr. Thomson previous to 1830 was a merchant of London, engaged in the Baltic trade, reputed to be friendly to unshackled commerce, and an advocate of a removal of the extra duties on Baltic in favor of Canadian timber, he will now act on his former opinions. We doubt it. He is, we think, a younger son of a family of rank—was introduced into parliament for Dover, through the influence of Mr. Hume, as a radical, and took office under Lord Grey, in December, 1830, as Vice President of the board of trade of which the President was Lord Auckland. On Lord Melbourne's advent to the premiership, he became President of the Board of Commerce and a Cabinet Minister. In 1832, he was returned by the manufacturers of Manchester with Mr. Mark Phillips, as their representatives, in opposition to a Scotch Tory called Hope, and the celebrated Wm. Cobbett, who was run at the same time for Oldham and Manchester, and had universal suffrage prevailed would have left Thomson far behind him. Governor Thomson has been the advocate of Irish and Canadian coercion; waived the timber question—pocketed his old free trade opinions—and steadily upheld the whig government in all its measures during the last 8 or 9 years. He is a man of business and business habits, practical in his views; but will stand by his order, as Earl Grey said, to the last. When the Editor of this Gazette was in London, in 1832, he had long conversations with Mr. Thomson at his office in Whitehall, on the question of trade and currency involved in the memorials from Canada to the King and Parliament, of which he had been the bearer to England.

One object I had in view was to put an end to the one, two, three, and four dollar bills, and allow no bank to issue paper for less than five dollars—to oblige the chartered banks, if they established 30 or 40 little

silver shillings or ten shillings, to redeem their notes where they issued them—to prevent juggling by compelling the banks to pay up their capital—and otherwise to render these nuisances more tolerable by checking their extravagant issues. Mr. Thomson agreed with me in all this, except as to the one dollar bills, which he was in favor of, if duly secured. Mr. Edward Ellice agreed with me on that point also. The ministry gave Sir John Colborne instructions in strict conformity with my demands, and the tory legislature of 1834 all but rebelled in consequence. The tory parliament that followed was equally worthless on questions of currency. Banks, with liberty to cheat their neighbors wholesale, were their gods—and they got enough of them.

Governor Thomson at one time advocated the independence of the Canadas—so did Sir Henry Parnell in his "Financial Reform." Governor Thomson asked me once and again whether the Canadas were not fit to govern themselves, and frankly expressed the wish that they had the power. I was quite careful of my answers and we changed the subject. Mr. Spring Rice put the question to me, but in a more guarded way. Governor Thomson borrowed my copy of the Revised Statutes of New York, for the purpose of examining the laws regulating Moneyed Corporations, on which he asked me many questions. He was thoroughly in favor of the joint stock bank scheme—which has added so much to the financial difficulties of England; and will be anxious on his side the sea to exert himself to the utmost for the benefit of the manufacturing classes of England. Mr. Stanley, Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Shiel were great friends of Canada formerly, but it was all talk. The woe former have recently been Canada's most envied foes, and the latter has joined them.

In J. Colborne will, we presume, make way in military capacity for Sir James Macdonell, the new catspaw of Scotland's enemies, whose ancestors like mine had at least an opinion of their own at the Sheriffmuir, Rullierkie, Culloden, Preston Pans and Glencoe.

From the Clinton, La. Democrat.

INCENDIARISM.

It is a duty we owe the public to place in its possession FACTS that have been brought to light in relation to the burning of our Court House, on the 27th of March last, and of which we gave an item in our paper of the 12th instant; yet it is truly painful to state, that the prime mover—if negro testimony can at all be relied on—is a tolerable wealthy inhabitant of the parish of East Feliciana. It is known, to most of our readers, that a negro cannot testify in favor of, or against a white man to his conviction;—and this arises from any discrepancy on the part of our law-makers, but from a correct knowledge of the negro character, bond or free. Suffice it to say that wisdom is apparent in the enactment of this law, and needs no commendation from us.

According to previous arrangement, the five blacks, charged with being in possession of a knowledge of this nefarious concern, were placed at the bar on last Saturday, Hon. Judge SAUNDERS presiding, when the following examination took place:—

Negro Bill—the principal, under the guidance and direction of his owner—stated that he, in company with his master, did set fire to and burn the Court House on the morning of the twenty-seventh of March last—that when his master pointed out the building to be destroyed, he "did not feel right," or, in other words, he knew he was doing wrong, and hesitated to comply with the bidding of his master—whereupon, he was cursed for a cowardly fellow, and his master applied the brand himself!

The statements of the other negroes were strongly corroborative of the foregoing—inasmuch, and from other circumstances, that it was the opinion of the Court that the white man in question was guilty of being principal in the affair! and he was arrested on Saturday night last, and placed in jail.

On Monday morning, the 14th inst., he was brought out for a hearing, but nothing of consequence was done. The prisoner's counsel, J. H. Muse, Esq., addressed the Court, setting forth the impossibility of detaining him on the evidence adduced; but it was overruled and the prisoner remanded.

On Tuesday, 15th, the prisoner was again brought into Court, and so strong were the circumstances against him, that he was fully committed for trial at the District Court, to be held in the town of Clinton, parish of East Feliciana, in November next.

Considerable sympathy was evinced by our citizens for the Negro Bill, spoken of above; for he it was who preferred giving information of the crime he had been a party in committing, and run the risk of being hung, to entering upon a similar expedition: as it is said that it was the intention of his owner, B. C. Walker, to destroy the Clerk's office on the public square. Some went so far as to suggest the propriety of giving Bill his freedom: but from our soul we believe such a course would be returning evil for good. The honorable Court has very justly pronounced Bill free from the rope; and he is happier now than if made President of an Abolition Society, or waiting with Miss Angelica Grimke and Miss Euella Tappan.

THE YANKEE BOY.

An American brig, belonging to N. H., was once at Demarara, discharging her cargo when she was boarded by a boat from a gun brig lying at anchor at no great distance.

The crew were mustered and their protections examined—and one New Hampshire boy, of a noble and fearless spirit, and though young in years, of a vigorous frame was ordered into the boat. He pre-emptorily refused to obey the order. The officer in a great rage, collared the youthful samian, but was instantly laid sprawling by a well directed blow of his fist. The boat's crew rushed to the assistance of their officer, and the spirited American was finally overpowered, pinioned, thrown into the boat and conveyed on board the English brig. The Lieutenant complained to his commanding officer of the insult he had received from the stalwart Yankee, and his battered face corroborated his statement. The Commander at once decided that such insolence demanded exemplary punishment—and that the young Yankee required on his first entrance into the service, a lesson which might be of use to him hereafter. Accordingly the officer der lashed to a gun, by the inhuman satellites of English tyranny, and his back was bared to the lash. Before the blow was struck, he repeated his declaration that he was an American citizen, and the sworn foe of tyrants. He demanded his release, and assured the captain in the most solemn and impressive manner, that if he persisted in punishing him like the vilest malefactor, for vindicating his rights as an American citizen, the act would never be forgiven; but that his revenge would be certain and terrible.—The captain laughed at what he regarded an impotent menace—and made a signal to the boatswain's mate. The white skin of the young American was soon cruelly mangled, and blows fell thick and heavily upon the quivering flesh—He bore the infliction of this barbarous punishment without a murmur or a groan; and when the signal was given for the executioner to cease, although the skin was hanging in strips from his back, which was thickly covered with clotted blood, he showed no disposition to falter or faint. His face was somewhat paler than it was wont to be—but his lips were compressed, as if he were summing determination to his aid, and his dark eyes shot forth a brilliant gleam, showing that his spirit was unsubdued, and that he was bent on revenge, even if his life should be the forfeit. His bonds were loosened, and he arose from his humiliating posture. He glared fiercely around. The captain was standing within a few paces of him, with a demagogue grin upon his features, as if he enjoyed to the bottom of his soul the disgrace and tortures he had inflicted. The helpless sufferer saw that smile of exultation—and that moment decided the fate of his oppressor. With the activity, the ferocity and almost the strength of a tiger, the mutilated American sprang upon the tyrant, and grasped him where he stood, surrounded by his officers, who, for the moment seemed paralyzed with astonishment—and before they could recover their senses and haste to the assistance of their commander, the flogged American had borne him by the gang way, and then clutching him by the throat with one hand, and firmly embracing him with the other, despite his struggles, he leaped with him into the turbid waters of the Demarara! They parted to receive the tyrant and his victim;—then closed over them, and neither were ever afterwards seen.

Jottings down in London.—
D'Israeli is to be married in a few days to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a very fashionable, and rather a pretty widow. He walked home with me from a ball a morning or two since, and told me that one of the first things he proposed to himself after his marriage, was a trip to Niagara. He certainly has laurels to reap in America, and we shall be glad to see a man of his genius among us. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis has been one of the most elite party-givers of May Fair for several years, and living on Hyde Park in one of the most superb houses in London, her breakfasts on review days were very celebrated. She knows the world, and is a very prudent person, and D'Israeli's horoscope on the whole promises very brightly from the conjunction.

Lady Morgan has moved her 'fender,' from 'Kildare Street,' and taken up her abode permanently in London. She has a very pretty house in the neighborhood of Belgrave Square, and, with her pension of 300 a year and the profits of her work, she lives well and entertains most agreeably.—Her ladyship's eyes begin to fail her, and she complains of no longer being able to write, but her wit and humor have not commenced their decadence and she is, I think, even more amusing and delightful than ever.

I was there one evening of last week, when she invited all the beautiful women of her acquaintance to astonish the Persian Ambassador—and certainly she assembled a constellation.—Most radiant of all

—cynosure of the band—was Mrs. Norton. She had grown paler and slighter, and had a more subdued look than when I last saw her. But with this change her beauty has heightened seven-fold. Memory embellishes most women. In meeting them after absence, we are disappointed to find that our imaginations have supplied that in which they fell short of our beau-ideal and we are compelled reluctantly to restore them in their lower pedestal. Lo! the same level of the beau-ideal the imagination in absence descends as well as rises—and it is by this theory alone I can account for having done injustice to Mrs. Norton's beauty in my remembrance of her. She is above even the beau-ideal of fancy. No engraving has ever done justice to this lady, because the mere light and shade of the burin cannot give the purity of that opaque white, magnolia-leaf complexion, which in contrast with her raven-black hair, forms one striking peculiarity of her face. Hers is a countenance too which, with all the perfection of the feature, is more radiant in intellect and expression, even, than in feature and complexion.—"The only fault I ever heard," found with her beauty was one that is necessary to the powerful character of the expression—that her mouth was too large to be classic. It is not too large however to be absolutely beautiful, and having tried in vain to remember once or twice what constituted its peculiar character, I took advantage of her singing one of her own songs to watch its movement. The upper lip, which, in most pretty mouths, resembles the bow of Cupid relaxed, in hers is liketh' arch at its fullest tension. When the under lip, in repose, follows this deep curve, it gives naturally to its expression the look of pride and scornfulness which has made her so many enemies. Suiting with her rather imperial motion and the massy character of her Roman face, and perhaps, too, somewhat with her native character it forms that kind of beauty which as often awakens hatred in one sex as adoration in the other, and Mrs. Norton has paid for it the bitter penalty—

Lady Morgan's house is a cabinet of curious portraits—mostly presented to her by the originals—her great contemporaries in Europe and England. She has one exquisite miniature of Byron, presented to her by Lady Caroline Lamb (the wife you will remember, of the present Premier) on her death-bed. She drew it from beneath her pillow in her last hour. It represents Byron more of an Adonis than his other pictures, but the expression is full of thought, too. A capital bust of her Ladyship by David is one of the gems of the drawing-room.

Bulwer and Rogers were of the party—forcible contrasts enough in appearance. The tall Ambassador "looking his fill," and Mrs. Norton's departure at two, broke up the circle for London.

MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.—I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried: "My brother!—oh! my brother!" A sage passed that way, and said—"For whom dost thou mourn?"—"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel." "What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?" The mourner replied, that he would not offend him by and unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace. "Then waste not thy time in useless grief," said the sage, "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remember that they will, one day be dead also."

[Amaranth's]

Conviction of Murder.—Our readers will not doubt remember the assassination of Mr. Pitman, at the Sulphur Springs (Va.) in August, 1838, by one of the waiters named Richard G. Gwatkin, who stabbed his victim at the dinner table. The assassin had been tried at Lexington and found guilty of the crime and condemned 18 years in the penitentiary.